

THE COMET.

BY WALTER WILDFIRE.

HIS COURSE HE BENDS
THRO' THE CALM FIRMAMENT ; BUT WHETHER UP OR DOWN,
BY CENTRICK OR ECCENTRICK, HARD TO TELL. MILTON.

No. XIII.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11 1812.

RELIGIOUS CEREMONIES OF THE RUSSIANS.

FROM CLARKE'S TRAVELS.

There are no people who observe Lent with more scrupulous and excessive rigour than the Russians. Travelling the road from Petersburg to Moscow, if at any time, in poor cottages, where the peasants appeared starving, I offered them a part of our dinner, they would shudder at the sight of it, and cast it to the dogs ; dashing out of their children's hands, as an abomination, any food given to them ; and removing every particle that might be left entirely from their sight. In drinking tea with a Cossack, he not only refused to have milk in his cup, but would not use a spoon that had been in the tea offered him with milk, although wiped carefully in a napkin, until it had passed through scalding water. The same privation prevails among the higher ranks ; but, in proportion as this rigour has been observed, so much the more excessive is the gluttony and relaxation, when the important intelligence that "*Christ is risen*" has issued from the mouth of the archbishop During Easter, they run into every kind of excess, rolling about drunk the whole week ; as if rioting, debauchery, extravagance, gambling, drinking, and fornication, were as much a religious observance, as starving had been before ; and the same superstition which kept them fasting during Lent, had afterwards instigated them to the most beastly excesses.

Even their religious customs are perfectly adapted to their climate and manners. Nothing can be contrived with more ingenious policy to suit the habits of the Russians. When Lent fasting

begins, their stock of frozen provision is either exhausted, or unfit for use ; and the interval which takes place allows sufficient time for procuring, killing, and storing, the fresh provisions of the spring. The night before the famous ceremony of the resurrection, all the markets and shops of Moscow are seen filled with flesh, butter, eggs, poultry, pigs, and every kind of viand. The crowd of purchasers is immense. You hardly meet a foot-passenger who has not his hands, nay his arms filled with provisions ; or a single *droski* that is not ready to break down with their weight.

The first ceremony which took place, previous to all this feasting, was that of the *Pâque fleuries*, or Palm Sunday. On the eve of this day, all the inhabitants of Moscow resort, in carriages, on horseback, or on foot, to the Kremlin, for the purchase of palm-branches, to place before their boughs, and to decorate the sacred pictures in the streets, or elsewhere. It is one of the gayest promenades of the year. The governour, attended by the *maître de police*, the commandant, and a train of nobility, go in procession, mounted on fine horses. The streets are lined by spectators ; and cavalry are stationed on each side, to preserve order. Arriving in the Kremlin, a vast assembly, bearing artificial *bouquets* and boughs, are seen moving here and there, forming the novel and striking spectacle of a gay and moving forest. The boughs consist of artificial flowers with fruit. Beautiful representations of oranges and lemons in wax are sold for a few *copeeks** each, and offer a proof of the surprising ingenuity of this people in the arts of imitation. Upon this occasion, every person who visits the Kremlin, and would be thought a true Christian, purchases one or more of the boughs, called palm-branches ; and, in returning, the streets are crowded with *droskis*, and all kinds of vehicles, filled with devotees, holding in their hands one or more palm-branches, according to the degree of their piety, or the number of boughs in their houses.

The description often given of the splendour of the equipages in Moscow ill agrees with their appearance during Lent. A stranger, who arrives with his head full of notions of Asiatick pomp, and eastern magnificence, would be surprised to find narrow streets, execrably paved, covered by mud or dust ; wretched looking houses on each side ; carriages, drawn, it is true, by six horses, but such cattle ! blind, lame, old, out of condition, of all sizes and all colours, con-

* The *copeek* equals in value an English halfpenny.

nected by rotten ropes and old cords, full of knots and splices : on the leaders and on the box, figures that seem to have escaped from the galleys ; behind, a lousy, ragged lackey, or, perhaps two, with countenances exciting more pity than derision ; and the carriage itself like the worst of the night-coaches in London. But this external wretchedness, as far as it concerns the equipages of the nobles, admits of some explanation. The fact is, that a dirty, tattered livery, a rotten harness, bad horses, and a shabby vehicle, constitute one part of the privation of the season. On Easter Monday the most gaudy but fantastick buffoonery of splendour fills every street in the city. The emperour, it is true, in his high consideration for the welfare and happiness of his subjects, deemed it expedient to adapt the appearance to the reality of their wretchedness ; and, in restraining the excessive extravagance of the people of Moscow, evinced more wisdom, than the world have given him credit for possessing.

The second grand ceremony of this season takes place on Thursday before Easter, at noon, when the archbishop washes the feet of the apostles. This we also witnessed. The priests appeared in their most gorgeous apparel. Twelve monks, designed to represent the twelve apostles, were placed in a semicircle before the archbishop. The ceremony is performed in the cathedral, which is crowded with spectators. The archbishop, performing all and much more than is related of our Saviour in the thirteenth chapter of St. John, takes off his robes, girds up his loins with a towel, and proceeds to wash the feet of them all, until he comes to the representative of Peter, who rises ; and the same interlocution takes place between him and the archbishop, which is said to have taken place between our Saviour and that apostle.

The third, and most magnificent ceremony of all, is celebrated two hours after midnight, in the morning of Easter Sunday. It is called the ceremony of the resurrection, and certainly exceeded every thing of the kind celebrated at Rome, or any where else. I have not seen so splendid a sight in any Roman catholick country ; not even that of the benediction by the pope during the holy week.

At midnight, the great bell of the cathedral tolled. Its vibrations seemed the rolling of distant thunder ; and they were instantly accompanied by the noise of all the bells in Moscow. Every inhabitant was stirring, and the rattling of carriages in the

streets was greater than at noonday. The whole city was in a blaze ; for lights were seen in all the windows, and innumerable torches in the streets. The tower of the cathedral was illuminated from its foundation to its cross. The same ceremony takes place in all the churches ; and, what is truly surprising, considering their number, it is said they are all equally crowded.

We hastened to the cathedral, which was filled with a prodigious assembly of all ranks and sexes, bearing lighted wax tapers, to be afterwards heaped as vows on the different shrines. The walls, ceilings, and every part of this building, is covered by the pictures of the saints and martyrs. In the moment of our arrival the doors were shut ; and on the outside appeared Plato, the archbishop, preceded by banners and torches, and followed by all his train of priests, with crucifixes and censers, who were making three times, in procession, the tour of the cathedral ; chaunting with loud voices, and glittering in sumptuous vestments, covered by gold, silver, and precious stones. The snow had not melted so rapidly in the Kremlin as in the streets of the city ; and this magnificent procession was therefore constrained to move upon planks over the deep mud which surrounded the cathedral. After completing the third circuit, they all halted opposite the great doors, which were shut ; and the archbishop, with a censer, scattered incense against the doors, and over the priests. Suddenly those were opened, and the effect was beyond description great. The immense throng of spectators within, bearing innumerable tapers, formed two lines through which the archbishop entered, advancing with his train to a throne near the centre. The profusion of lights in all parts of the cathedral, and, among others, the enormous chandelier which hung from the centre, the richness of the dresses, and the vastness of the assembly, filled us with astonishment. Having joined the suite of the archbishop, we accompanied the procession, and passed even to the throne, on which the police officers permitted us to stand, among the priests, near to an embroidered stool of satin, placed for the archbishop. The loud chorus, which burst forth at the entrance to the church, continued as the procession moved towards the throne, after the archbishop had taken his seat ; when my attention was, for a moment, called off, by seeing one of the Russians earnestly crossing himself with his right hand, while his left was employed in picking my companion's pocket of his handkerchief.

Soon after, the archbishop descended, and went all round the cathedral ; first offering incense to the priest, and then to the people as he passed along. When he had returned to his seat, the priests, two by two, performed the same ceremony ; beginning with the archbishop, who rose and made obeisance with a lighted taper in his hand. From the moment the church doors opened, spectators had continued bowing their heads and crossing themselves ; insomuch that some of the people seemed really exhausted by the constant motion of their heads and hands.

I had now leisure to examine the dresses and figures of the priests, which were certainly the most striking I ever saw. Their long, dark hair, without powder, fell down in ringlets, or straight and thick, far over their rich robes and shoulders. Their dark, thick beards, also, covered their breasts. On the heads of the archbishop and bishops were high caps, covered with gems, and adorned with miniature paintings, set in jewels, of the crucifixion, the virgin and the saints. Their robes of various coloured satin, were of the most costly embroidery ; and even on these were miniature pictures set with precious stones.

Such, according to the consecrated legend of ancient days, was the appearance of the high-priests of old, Aaron and his sons, holy men, standing by the temple of the congregation in fine raiments, the workmanship of " Bezaleel, the son of Uri, the son of Hur, of the tribe of Judah." It is said there is a convent in Moscow where the women are entirely employed in working dresses for the priests.

After two hours had been spent in various ceremonies, the archbishop, advanced, holding forth a cross, which all the people crowded to embrace, squeezing each other nearly to suffocation. As soon, however, as their eagerness had been somewhat satisfied, he retired to the sacristy ; where, putting on a plain, purple robe, he again advanced, exclaiming three times, in a very loud voice : *Christ is risen !*

The most remarkable part of the solemnity now followed. The archbishop descending into the body of the church, concluded the whole ceremony by crawling round the pavement on his hands and knees, kissing the consecrated pictures, whether on the pillars, the walls, the altars, or the tombs : the priests and all the people imitating his example. Sepulchres were opened, and the mummied

bodies of incorruptible saints exhibited, all which underwent the same general kissing.

Thus was Easter proclaimed ; and riot and debauchery instantly broke loose. The inn in which we lodged became a pandemonium. Drinking, dancing, and singing, continued through the night and day. But, in the midst of all these excesses, quarrels hardly ever took place. The wild, rude riot of a Russian populace is full of humanity. Few disputes are heard ; no blows are given ; no lives endangered, but by drinking. No meetings take place of any kind, without repeating the expressions of love and joy, *Christos voscress !* Christ is risen ! to which the answer always is the same, *Vo istiney voscress !* He is risen indeed !

On Easter Monday begins the presentation of the paschal eggs : lovers to their mistresses, relatives to each other, servants to their masters, all bring ornamented eggs. Every offering, at this season, is called a paschal egg. The meanest pauper in the street, presenting an egg, and repeating the words *Christos voscress*, may demand a salute, even of the empress. All business is laid aside ; the upper ranks are engaged in visiting, balls, dinners, suppers, masquerades ; while boors fill the air with their songs, or roll drunk about the streets. Servants appear in their most tawdry liveries ; and carriages in their most sumptuous parade.

EXTRACTS FROM THE EARLY ENGLISH POETS.

DRYDEN.

"Thou leap'st o'er all eternal truths in thy Pindarick way"

The above line from Dryden's "Medal," containing two more syllables than is allowed even to an Alexandrine, caused the witty Tom Brown to say, that it was the longest line in Christendom, except one, that went round some old hangings representing the history of Pharoah and Moses, and measured thirty five feet of metre running thus :

Why was not he a rascal,

Who refused to suffer the children of Israel to go out into the wilderness
with their wives and families to eat the paschal ?

This strange Alexandrine is attributed to the Rev. Zachary

Boyd, whose scriptural poems are preserved in MSS. in the university of Glasgow.

The same facetious gentleman, Tom Brown, in a pamphlet which he wrote against Dryden's *Hind and Panther*, (in which Dryden publicly announces his conversion to Papacy, and argues strongly on that side of the question) quaintly describes himself and his place of habitation under a feigned name, and invites Mr. Dryden to visit him telling him, that he will give him "a parcel of relicks to carry home with him, which I believe can scarcely be matched in the whole Christian world ; but because I have no great fancy that way, I don't care if I part with them to so worthy a person ; they are as followeth." "The quadrant that a Philistine tailor took the height of Goliath by when he made his last suit of clothes."

"St Gregory's ritual bound up in the same calves skin, that the old gentleman in Luke roasted at the return of his prodigal son," &c. &c.

DR. DONNE. 1600.

THE IMPERTINENT.

I sigh and sweat
 To hear this mackaron in vain ; for yet,
 Either my humour or his own to fit,
 He, like a privileg'd spy, whom nothing can
 Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
 He names a price for every office paid.
 He saith, Our wars thrive ill because delayed ;
 That offices are entailed, and that there rare
 Perpetuities of them lasting as far
 As the last day.—
 I, more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
 Becoming traitor, and methought I saw
 One of our giant statues ope his jaw
 To take me in for hearing him—
 ————therefore I did show ;
 All signs of loathing ; but since I am in,
 I must pay mine, and my forefathers' sin
 To the last farthing——but the hour

Of mercy now was come : he tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine to 'scape his torturing,
 And, Sir, can you spare me—I said, willingly—
 Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown ? thankfully I
 Gave it as a ransom. But as fiddlers still,
 'Tho' they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thrust one jig upon you ; so did he
 With his long complimented thanks vex me.
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
 And the prerogative of my crown.

The foregoing lines, though they may be said to lack something of the smoothness and melody of more modern versifiers, are nevertheless no bad specimen of the wit for which the doctor was celebrated in his day. They are found in his 4th Satire, which is an imitation of the celebrated 9th Satire of the 1st Book of Horace. Patrick in one of his notes on the latter gives us the following pleasant story of Aristotle—"Having one day met with a person of this character, who asked of him, after some story, if the thing did not appear wonderful to him ? No, replied Aristotle ; but it is wonderful to me, that any one should have the patience to hear your impertinence, that has legs to walk off with."

Donne was a grave Doctor of Divinity, and one of the deepest theologians of his time, yet could write such lines as follow.

A COUPLE MARRIED ON BISHOP VALENTINE'S DAY.

Go then to where the Bishop stays
 To make you one his way ; which divers ways
 Must be effected ; and when all is past,
 And that you're one, by hearts and hands made fast,
 You two have one way left yourselves t' entwine
 Besides this Bishop's knot of Bishop Valentine.

WILLIAM BROWNE. 1616.

BALLAD MONGERS.

The ballad mongers on a market day
 Taking their stand, one (with as harsh a noise
 As ever cart wheel made) squeaks the sad choice
 Of Tom the miller, with a golden thumb,
 Who, crost in love, ran mad, and deaf, and dumb :

Half past he chaunts, and will not sing it out,
 But thus bespeaks to his attentive rout.
 Thus much for love I warbled from my breast
 And, gentle friends, for money take the rest.

Brit. Past.

CUPID.

Venus afraid her son

Might love a mortal, as he once had done,
 Preferred an earnest suit to highest Jove,
 That he, which bore the winged shafts of love,
 Might be debarred of sight, which suit was sign'd,
 And ever since the god of love is blind.
 Hence is't he shoots his shafts so clean awry,
 Men learn to love when they should learn to die.
 And women, which before to love began
 Man without wealth, love wealth without the man,

Brit. Past.

The melting rubies on her cherry lip,
 Are of such power to hold ; that as one day
 Cupid flew thirsty by, he stoop'd to sip
 And fasten'd there could never get away.

Brit. Past.

BEN JONSON. 1616.

Over the door at the entrance into the Apollo.

(Old Sym mentioned in this piece was Simon Wadloe, who then kept the Devil Tavern, and of him probably is the old catch, beginning "Old Sir Simon the king"—The 12th line is a literal translation of one from a Greek Anacreontick.

The word "skinker" is sufficiently explained by the following expression from J. Philips's "Cerealia"—"Ganymede the skinker.")

Welcome all that lead or follow
 To the oracle of Apollo—
 Here he speaks out of his pottle,
 Or the tripes, his tower bottle.
 All his answers are divine,
 Truth itself doth flow in wine.
 Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,

Cries old Sym, the king of skinkers ;
 He the half of time abuses
 That sits watering with the muses.
 Those dull girls no good can mean us ;
 Wine it is the milk of Venus,
 And the poets have accounted ;
 Ply it well and you are mounted.
 'Tis the true Phœbeian liquor,
 Cheers the brain, makes wit the quicker.
 Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
 And at once three senses pleases.
 Welcome all that lead or follow,
 To the oracle of Apollo.

OPINIONS OF M. SORBIERE.

M. DESCARTES.

M. Descartes was very silent and sparing of words. I passed two hours with him one day, without carrying away one idea. He spoke little, and seemed afraid lest what he looked upon as mysterious should be laid open ; or perhaps he did not make much account of his own theories, or perserved silence out of pomp, or a contempt of the opinions of others. There are persons who find mysteries every where ; some admit them not at all ; as some minds love darkness and others rejoice in light.

HOBBS.

Hobbes rendered himself formidable (how I cannot tell) to the English clergy, and to the mathematicians at Oxford and their adherents. I have heard that King Charles II. used to compare Hobbes to a bear, against whom they turned out dogs by way of sport and exercise.

THE PROTESTANT.

When I was at Amsterdam, I lodged with an old soldier ; who, after having served seven years, returned to his old trade a tailor. The fellow was eternally spouting out quotations from scripture, without any occasion or connection, as he seemed to be a most complete blockhead. All his religion consisted in saying he was a Prot-

estant, and thanking God that he did not go to mass. With all this, he was forever at the alehouse ; and would frequently beat his wife, and at the same time apply quotations from scripture, which he considered as bearing hard upon her sex.

EDUCATION.

Though unassisted Nature does very wonderful things, it must be acknowledged that, when assisted by learning, she still can produce greater exertions. But a very important point is to be attended to in instruction ; that the alloy and temper superinduced by it do not render the mind more brittle, harsh, and less adroit. These defects too frequently take place, when ignorant instructors of youth forget that the main end of education is to teach them the art and conduct of life.

EPIGRAM,

By Sternhold and Hopkins. On M——, a very talkative Lady, who was in danger of losing her Hearing.

Thus now petition we to him,
Who the *afflicted* cheers,
“ O Jove, be pleas'd to take *her tongue*,
And leave her both her *ears*.

“ But if the Fates still spare *her tongue*,
And ears will have alone,
It is our pray'r, kind Jove, that thou
Wilt make them take *our own* !”

ADVICE.

“ Throw labour to the dogs,” cried *Stitch*,
“ I'll none on't, in my Shakespeare rich,
Inferior treasures scorning ;
Henceforth the stage I proudly pace,
My voice and manner, form and face,
The theatre adorning.”

“ A word,” said *Sly*, “ since you're resolv'd,
In such pursuits to be involv'd,
And publick praise to drive at ;

The publick thanks will be your debt,
If you avoid its sight, and let
Your theatre be private."

ANTICIPATION.

"Write me an epilogue," cried Quill,
"To crown my play,"—said Jack, "I will,
It must not be in comick vein,
But written in a dirge-like strain."
"Why so?"—"Because, I'll lay my breath,
Ere that, your play will meet its death."

THE REVERSE.

"Hast thou not seen my morning chambers fill'd
With scepter'd slaves?" the stage-struck Puff was raving;
When lo! his master's voice th' illusion kill'd,
"Here Jack, here's half a dozen men want shaving."

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

No. XI.

Jan. 3. *The Man of the World—The Midnight Hour.*

The elegant and satirick comedy of *The Man of the World*, by Charles Macklin, is one of the most vigorous efforts of genius and intellect that the last century produced. In the character of *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant* he has embodied the spirit of Lord Chesterfield's maxims; and, perhaps it would be impossible to write a more effectual satire on some of his Lordship's instructions to his son, than is contained in the description which *Sir Pertinax* gives to *Egerton* of the origin and consequences of "boowing," and never standing "straight before a great mon."

During the life of Macklin, he would never suffer any actor to appear in *Sir Pertinax* but himself. Since his death, by the universal consent and approbation of English audiences, Cooke has been declared its proper representative, and it is said, surpasses Macklin in the fawning, courtierlike hypocrisy of some of the scenes.

In speaking of the representation of the play this evening, we can say nothing that can increase Mr. Cooke's reputation ; the feeble glimmering of a taper can add no lustre to the blaze of the meridian sun. We cannot however avoid noticing that the scene with *Egerton* in the third act, and those with *Betty* and *Sidney* in the fifth, were among the most masterly touches of this great actor of nature.

Next to *Sir Pertinax*, *Lady Rodolpha* is of the most importance to the success of the play. It is full of life and glee, wit and humour, and pungent sarcasm. It also requires, to give it its best effect, a representative that is perfect in the Scotch dialect. Mrs. Duff is deficient in this, as well as in some other qualifications, but perhaps the best on all accounts, that the theatre could furnish. Her description of the company at Bath wanted sprightliness, as did in fact, the whole of her performance. The courtship scene with *Egerton* was by far the best. The business of this scene was well conducted, and would have passed off with much applause, had not the assistance of a third person (the prompter) been necessary.

Mr. Duff's *Egerton* was pleasing and generally correct. We take this opportunity to advise Mr. Duff, in future, to take no heed the impertinence of a very contemptible minority in the audience, who are in the habit of hissing. The opinion of these wise heads, if they have one, can be of no importance to him, in any point of view ; and the mention of the names of some of them, would only excite a sneer of contempt.

The other characters in the piece were done in the usual style of indifference, not so good as to merit approbation, nor so bad as to call for serious censure.

Jan. 6. *Henry the Fourth—The Weathercock.*

The historical tragedy of *Henry the Fourth*, owes much of its celebrity to the wit and drollery of one of its characters—*Sir John Falstaff*, which is said to be the creation of Shakespeare's brain, and without any prototype in history. It is not, however, wanting in moral sentiment and reflexion, and contains many brilliant poetical passages. The character of *Percy* makes no mean figure in the drama, though it suffers much from the pruning knife ("zounds ! the hatchet") of managers. The *Prince* too is an important character in the *dramatis personæ*, but is too often placed by indifferent acting too far in the back ground, and considered as

little better than *Poins*, *Bardolph*, and the other appendages to the fat knight.

If it were possible that such a creature as *Falstaff* could ever have had existence, one might look at Mr. Cooke and fancy that he saw *Sir John* actually before him. Mr. Cooke never gives the spectator a chance to look at the other characters long enough to break the illusion of the scene. Whether speaking or not, he claims undivided attention ; and with such wonderful art does he draw our senses within his own magick circle, that every thing without it might be annihilated and the loss not be felt.

We can hardly expect to see the character of *Falstaff* better played than it is by Mr. Cooke. It not only equals, but exceeds the expectation of the spectator. His acting during the scene that follows the robbery—"A plague of all the cowards, I say, and a vengeance too"—was among the happiest of his efforts. The story of the robbery was told with exquisite humour, throughout ; but when he found himself detected in his lies, it is not in the power of language to describe the expression of his face when he said—

By the Lord, I knew ye as well as him that made ye, &c.

And at this—

A plague of sighing and grief ! It blows a man up like a bladder.

The scene with *Bardolph* at the beginning of the third act, the description of his soldiers, and his soliloquy on honour, were all inimitably fine.

Mr. Duff in *Percy* was sometimes inferiour to the usual level of his acting ; as in the court scene, where his description of the fop was delivered with gravity and sentiousness enough for a funeral sermon—at other times, superiour, as in the subsequent scene with his father and uncle *Worcester*. The soliloquy on reading the letter was done with more propriety than any other we have seen this season, with the exception of some of Mr. Cooke's.

To Mr. Entwisle's *Prince of Wales*, some of *Falstaff*'s jokes were aptly applied. "A king's son !—You prince of Wales !"—The *Prince* however cannot be the subject of much censure when compared with the *King* his father. If the careless reclining of the head on the shoulder, the folding up of the arms, and a countenance expressing the most perfect indifference to all that passes before him, be majesty, then Mr. Drake may fairly claim the lau-

rel for having played his part agreeably to nature. If this be royalty, kings must have been made by "nature's journeyman," and made of wood too.

Jan. 8. *Othello—My Grandmother.*

Having nothing to do with the *Iago* of Mr. Cooke, we shall devote the remainder of our theatrical remarks principally to the *Othello* of Mr. Duff. We are the more induced to enter into a discussion of the merits of his performance, from the opinion that many people hold, that it is a character entirely beyond the reach of his conception. We hold it no shame to be set down as opposed to this opinion. Mr. Duff is yet but young on the stage; and those who expect perfection like the veteran Cooke's in a youth of twentyfive, will always have the mortification of finding themselves disappointed.

The principal defects complained of in Mr. Duff's performance of tragick characters, are two—the first and most prominent arises, not from want of conception or from erroneous judgement, but from inexperience. A desire not to appear too tame, frequently leads him to the opposite extreme, and produces rant; a fault which nothing but experience and observation can remedy. The other, which is of less importance, and is more easily reformed is a drawling pronunciation. His performance of *Othello* was not liable to a heavy charge on account of either of these blemishes. It was generally moderate, but spirited; and we observed no very remarkable instance in which he overacted his part. The dying scene was the most objectionable on the score of ranting—as such violent strnggles were perhaps not to be expected from one who had predetermined on his own death.

His appearance and behaviour before the senate were manly and dignified. The beginning of his address

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters—&c.

was well delivered, with modest and appropriate action. In these lines—

She swore—in faith, 'twas, strange, 'twas passing strange :
'Twas pitiful; 'twas wondrous pitiful

he gave the words "strange" and "pitiful" the rising inflexion of the voice at the repetition of each; the falling inflexion would have been more musical as well as more correct.

The most important part of the character of *Othello*, and that which requires the nicest discrimination in an actor, is the scenes with *Iago* in the third act ; and in this, if Mr. Duff did not exhibit all the delicate touches of passion which we have seen in COOPER, nor deliver his thoughts with all the correctness of emphasis and sweetness of elocution which we have heard from FENNELL, still his outline of the picture might challenge competition with theirs. —In this passage.

O now, forever

Farewell the tranquil mind ! farewell content !
 Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
 That make ambition, virtue, O farewell !
 Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
 The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
 The royal banner,—and all quality,
 Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.
 And, O ye mortal engines, whose rude throats
 The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
 Farewell ! Othello's occupation's gone—

he was very happy in expressing the agonies of soul into which the arts of *Iago* had thrown him. We could, if it were necessary quote many passages in which Mr. Duff displayed correctness of judgement, and felicity of expression ; such was the iteration of *Iago's* sentiment—

Certain, men should be what they seem.

And this—

Would I were satisfied—

——— Would ? Nay, I will.

On the whole, Mr. Duff gained credit with the judicious, though not much applause from the multitude. We cannot dismiss this subject without censuring his colour ; the Moors we believe were only *tawney* ; Mr. Duff's face and hands might vie in *blackness* with the natives of Guinea.

Mr. Entwisle hit off the “ heavy lightness ” of *Roderigo*, very well ; and Mr. Robertson played the intoxicated scene of *Cassio* with “ good discretion.”

Jan. 9. *The Wheel of Fortune—Of Age Tomorrow.*

Jan. 10. *Venice Preserved—Love Alamode.*

The *Penruddock*, *Pierre*, and *Sir Archy Macsarcam* of Mr. Cooke, and the *Jaffier* of Mr. Duff, will receive proper attention in some future paper.

